A BOY SEES A BATTLE.

Very Fierce Combat in the Canebrakes of Louisiana.

TEXAS PANGERS VS. FEDERAL CAVALRY

Fight Bravely An Unequal Match

(Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal-Avalanche.)

A few influtes elapsed—it seemed hours to me—as I clung to the fork of the blackgon and watched the scene, open-mouthed and stating. If I had had any sense it would have told me to get down and huste to a place where no stray bullets could fed me, but, being a boy. I had no sense—any an abnormally-developed curiosity. The main column had reached the front The main column had reached the front of the ambush. It was evident that the

day. The men looked faded and the horses were grimy with sweat and dust. A CHORUS OF YELLS.

A CHORUS OF YELLS.

All at once there came a chorus of yells from the brush and the painettes shock and swayed from the impact of charging horsemen. Then followed the crack! crack! crack! of scores of revolvers, and in the twinkling of an eye the Texans were upon the foe. It was a case of mix and hand-to-hand from the start. The Federals were taken completely by surprise and thrown into confusion. There was no room for them to deploy into line, to advance or retreat. Their tired horses were toppled over as the mustangs rushed argainst them, and through the cloud of dust I could see them dropping from their saddles as the deadly revolvers played upon them. I had always had an idea that the sabre was the most terrible of weapons, but I soon saw that it was no match for the six-shooter in the hands of a marksman. The boys in bite did not linch from their work. They whacked

HELDON LIKE HEROES
The Maiden Battle of the Twenty-Eighth
North Carolina State Troops.

RAW SOLDIERS NEYER WAYERED.

Toot-sore and hungry heroes were three days in getting back to the brigade, then camped on the right bank of the Chickanhominy. When we entered Ashtand all doors and windows were closed and the place looked like a deserted village; but before we had finished stacking arms on Main street, in front of the hotel, all of them flew open and there were any number of pretty faces and waving handker-chiefs to be seen, and the men rushed out and wanted to know "where did you come from?"

A STIFF DRINK.

subdies as the deadly revolvers played upon them. I had always had an idea, them. I had always had an idea, the death was the most terrible of was 1 of the dark them. I had always had an idea, the salve was the most terrible of was 1 of the dark them. I had always had an idea, the salve was the most terrible of was 1 of the dark them. I had always had an idea, the salve was the most terrible of the dark them. I had always had an idea, the salve was 1 of a marksman. The boys in bline did not a marksman. The boys in bline did not a marksman. The boys in bline did not a way with a hearty good will, but found a become the coat that bullets move faster that it is with a way of the cantenes be liquored. We left had not coat that bullets move faster to salve any of the cantenes be liquored. We left had not coat that bullets move faster that the salve was a select in the game, the issue of the res and at Raphily ordered to join Jacksman are country school dismissed for a long of the cantenes of the property of the cantenes and the salve was deeded against them. Little by 12 of the salve was deeded against them. Little by 12 of the salve was deeded against them. Little by 12 of the salve was deeded against them and the boys of the salve was deeded against them and the bullets of the salve was deeded against them and the bullets of the salve was deeded against them and the bullets of the salve was deeded against them and the bullets of the salve was deeded against them and the bullets of the salve was deeded against them. Little by 12 of the salve was deeded against them and the wa

The Federal officer made a sweeping cut at the Captain with his sabre, and as it flashed in the air. I fully expected next mement to see the red-gold head roll in the dust. But the owner of the head had no such notion. His pixtol falled to the weapon up, and caught on it the derect the weapon up, and caught on it the derect the weapon up, and caught on it the derect the Captain swang the pixtol around and strick his antagonist on the head. The Yederal officer dropped from the saddle like one dead. I thought he had been little and felt sorry, though he was a Yankee, because he looked like my cousin.

It was well for Tchula that the Captain was now at liberty, for the big trooper fifth New York Segment was concealed. the war-cry of the Comanches, as I afterward learned—and, throwing himself from
his pony, drew a long knife, and struck
twice at his foe. The trooper rolled from
the gaddle into the dost and lay still.
The Indian's blade had not missed its
mark.

The sight was enough for me. The rest
of it was all right, but this was too
much like murder. I slid down the tree
in a hurry, called to my dusky attendants,
who were stretched on the ground in a
state of collapse, and ran home, doing the
mile and a half in better than berby time.
That is all I saw of the fight, and there
ts little more to tell, except that the
young Federal officer was brought to our
house, where he was paroled, and in due
time recovered from his wounds. He had
a bullet wound in his left arm, begules
that whick on his head. His name was
Crandall, and he haifed from Indiana. We
all became fond of him, though he was
all became fond of him, though he was
all became fond of him, though he was
made heavier than and beautiful the property of the colors and took his
place. Here the men, heated and excited,
and became fond of him, though he was
made heavier than any layers.

I have the was paroled, and in due
time recovered from his wounds. He had
a bullet wound in his left arm, begules
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The sight was enough for me. The rest
being the dunder the circircumstances. About seventy-five were
assumt he bayened to the circavalry from the Fourth Virginia
Regiment, which was returning from the
Mills. It was not until the Twentyeighth had swept nearly across the wheatfield and were subjected to a severe enfield and supported by two batteries.

Calonel Lane hastened to recall his regito the fourth virginia
Mears. Cody and Merphy, convicted of
assault in the cirdesault the twentysent the bayenes of the cirsent to the rent formal beauty were
mark.

Mears. Cody and Merphy.

Mears. Cody and Merphy.

Mears. Cody

The state of the s or Boulogne. The race-course at Auteuli, which used to provide an alternate louting. Is now shut to the public except by payment on race-days. The same exclusion, it seems, is to be practised at Long-champs. There remains the Bois and it is this pleasant resort which is threatened, not by an order of universal exclusion, but by the insidious system of erecting barriers, reducing, under various pretexts, the space which is still free to the public at large. The citizens can ill-afford these encroachments, for, although the Bois de Vincenses, the Buttes Chammont, and the Parc Monceau, with other places, are patronized in their turn, the Bois de Boulogue, on Sundays especially, compensates hard workers, who can neither command a villa in the country uor the means to visit the mountains, the baths, or the seacoast at a time of the year when the world and his wife gc out of town.

Sure Sign.

(Cincinnati Tribune.)

Mr. Smallwort: I see that a female bank robber has been operating out West, and has so far escaped capture.

Mrs. Smallwort: How do they know it is a woman if the robber has not been captured?

Mr. Smallwort: The combination locks all have been picked with a hair-pin.

Old papers for sale at the Dispatch office.

A STIFF DRINK. Charged Until Recalled—The March to Taylorsville—The Way They Fooled the Yankees—A Stiff Drink.

(Carrespondence of the Charlotte (N. C.)

Observer.)

A STIFF DRINK.

Everything in the commissary department at Ashland had been removed except two or three barrels of whiskey and a small quantity of mess pork. The Colonel had one of these barrels rolled in front of the colors, and one head knocked out with a borrowed axe. The officers were then ordered to give every one who

place. Here the men, heated and excited, threw off their knapsacks and klankets, and I am sure his people home could not have wished him a safe diverance from the perils of war more incorely than we did when the time came a k-blacket limits, which I valued over all my earthly possessions.

OPENED BRISKLY.

The two guns of Latham's Pattery, under Leutenant P ts, took a cummand-standed pocket-knife, which I valued over all my earthly possessions.

Option Merrill was killed in a hand-to-ind fight with a party of Apaches under leutens and opened a brisk and clapped white a year or two later. They say any of those missies by hear means the college and heaver him to college a price for his life which put any of those missies by hear means the college and this in a ple-wagon, and liming position mear the centre of the line. Potts mounted the force each time to watch the effects of the shells, and clapped his hands and cheered his men whenever.

The pen in Part I, is lined with sheet-

COL U. DAHLGREN.

REPLY OF MR. J. W. ATKINSON TO AN ARTICLE IN BLUE AND GRAY.

Which He Endeavored to Execute by His Raid.

(Cor. Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.) In your issue of the 16th instant you quote, with commendation, an article from the Blue and Gray in regard to the character, death, and burial of Colonel Ulric Dabigren, referring to him as the "lamented Colonel Ulric Dahlgren," and the

ways condemned, whether the man committing the evil be dead or alive.

Should Ben Butler or Judas Iscarlot be spoken of tenderly because they are both dead? The most admirable virtue Ulric Dahlgren seems to have possessed was his personal daring and unflinching was his personal daring and unflinching courage, and even this "herole" virtue marked in at least equal degree Jahn Brown, whose soul is still "marching on" while his body lies "mouldering in the grave."

"more of the nature of a massacre than for the mere purpose of liberating the Union prisoners." Blue and Gray admits if these charges be true they would "stamp Ulric Dahigren a fiend, a monster, as a being entirely devoid of feeling natural to the human family." As the charges were proved beyond question, I charges were proved beyond question, I cannot unite in lamenting his death, nor regard him as a "sleeping hero."

J. W. ATKINSON.

MISS EDITH THOMAS.

The Charming Poet Perfectey Free from Literary Affectations of Poses. (Written for the Dispatch.)

Miss Thomas has a pretty resentment against being considered "nothing but a poet." You are sure of a place in her black book if you call her a wood nymph or a sprite. She has heard that kind of characterization of herself till she is tired culcated in the heathen philosophy—De mortuis nil nisi bonum—which maxim seems to me inconsistent alike with good morals and true religion.

Evil deeds and bad men should be always condemned, whether the man com-



SPORT AMONG AMERICAN WOMEN.

Generally With Skill and Bloom Like Blossoms.

(Fortnightly Review.)

The name of American girl was once a

and all the atliments engendered by want of exercise, foolish diet, and irregular habits of life. When contrasted with the English girl, whose outdoor life made her the picture of abounding health and rosy-cheeked energy, she suffered in the comparison.

A generation has sufficed to effect a complete change, and our English coustins no longer hold a monopoly of outdoor sports. Where thirty years ago the girl, who went boating and fishing, climbing trees and jumping fences with her brothers was looked upon as a tom-boy and regarded with severe disapproval, the reverse is now the case. Outdoor

And find the control of the control

BOWLING-SKATING.

Bowling has penetrated into city life, and we find bowling clubs vying with afternoon tens among the social events of the year, especially during Lent, when other amusements fall off. Handsome prizes for both gentlemen and ladies are presented by the matrons, and the play is carried on in tournament style. In the country bowling alleys are usually adjuncts of the ternis club, and are much used.